Belmont Chronicle.

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Belmont Chronicle.

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and as it would be entirely a political ques-

question alone.

The old friends of the Confederacy, and

still friends to the cause of a Confederacy at some future day, all sympathize with the

an unwarrantable meddling with

because she now stands out publicly pledged

take as an apology for the little observations

of the Gozette.
And now, Mr. Editor, it appears to us

things are coming to an alarming crisis, since the spread and ascendency of modern

abolitionism. Every Inaugural, every Mes

political nominating Conventions-all have

some reference to religion, to a supreme

references mingling up politics and religion, to insult Infidels and even Catholic Chris-

And it is becoming fashionable to have

sectarian preachers in these political meet

ings and Conventions to open with prayer-

often to harrangue the people in assemblies

purely political.

Mr. Lincoln has carried this thing so far

quote Scripture and throw something re-

ligious or meral around or into their poli-

Mr. Editor, please, for once, hear the

PLANT TREES. - If any living man neglects

to plant trees because he may not live to

which the old man when a boy had reaped

POLITICAL DEMOCRAT.

tical and State productions.

other side from a

policy. This, a "Presbyterian"

Selected Loetry.

BARBARA FRITCHIE.

BY JOHN O. WHITTIER.

Up from the mendows rich with corn, Clear in the cool September morn, The clustered spires of Frederick stand. Creen-walled by the hills of Maryland. Round shout them orchards sweep, Apple and peach trees fruited deep, Far as a Garden of the Lord To the eyes of the famished rebel horde On that pleasant more of the early fall, When Lee marched over the mountain Over the mountain wording down, Morse and loot, into Frederick town. Forty flags with their silver stars, Forty flags with their crimson bars, Up rese old Barbara Fritchie then, Bewed with her four score years and ten Bravest of all in Frederick town. She took up the old flag the men hauled down In her attie window the staff she set, To show that one heart was loyal yet. Up the street came the rebel tread; Stonewall Jackson riding ahead; Under his slouched hat, left and right, He glanced—the old flag met his sight "Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast: "Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast; It shivered the window pane and sash; It rent the banner with seam and gush, Quek as it tell from the broken staff. Dame Harbara snatched the silken scarf; "Shoot, if you must this gray old head, But spare your country's flag," she said The nobler nature within him stirred To life at that weman's deed and word "Who touches a hair of you gray head, Dies like a dog; march on," he said.

All day long through Frederick street, Sounded the tread of marching feet; All day long that free fing tossed, Over the heads of the rebel host. Ever its torn folds rose and fell. On the loval winds that loved it well. Honor to her! and let a tear Fall for her sake on Stonewall's bier

Over Barbara Fritchie's grave Flag of Freedom and Umon wave; Feace and order and heauty draw Round thy symbol of light and law; And ever the stars above look down On thy stars below in Frederick town

Choice Miscellany.

Ingratitude. It is common enough to hear people

announce that, for their part, they have given up expecting gratitude in this world, and that in such significant tones as to leave us in no doubt that the hard experience is a personal one. Nobody talks much about ingratitude in the abstract; the subject is only interesting when brought home in some marked way to ourselves. Now, though it is only too flagrant a truth that there is such a thing as ingratitude, we think it will be granted by whoever has listened to this strain that there always arises a misgiving as to the justice, in the particular instance, of so sweeping a censure upon human na ture. If we know the complainant well enough, we shall be conscious of a defective sympathy. The people who are always scenting out ingratitude are not people to trust without a searching investigation, because they will uniformly be found self-absorbed, puzzled-headed, or in some way incapacitated for taking a reasonable and unprejudiced view where their affections or interests are concerned; they are behindhand with the rest of the world in their knowledge of themselves and of their standing towards others .-They view the conduct of others, in any critical case which greatly concerns or interests them, in its bearing on themselves alone; they cannot take in the complicated relations in which all stand toward the world about them. Thus you will hear the mistress of a household rail at the ingratitude of servants, because one on whom she has bestowed much kindness has left her for her own convenience or to "better herself." As she talks of her wrongs, she evidently forgets that the delinquent may have ties quite as stringent elsewhere. The trusty damsel she misses so sorely had perhaps given a quid pro quo in faithful service; or, if the complainant was kind, perhaps others had been kinder; or she forgets that the kindoess has the set-off of many a provocation hard for servant-girlism impossible; if I had spirits for it this to bear. As a fact, people are never less pleasant than when they are thus would get into my throat and prevent denouncing the world-their world, whatever it is. We feel implicated in alas!" So said a dejected-looking Cock, some way; though it is no concern of as he stood on a November morning, a ours, we find ourselves making common cause with the ingrate. The truth is, ingratitude is too serious a charge to bring without very grave consideration—without weighing at sides of the question. There are ungrateful people in the world—people with the mouths described by the old writer as who take whatever anybody will give glistened in the sun like snow flakes; them and never say "Thank you;" into whom kindnesses fall as into a dead sea; people for whom no man living is the better; people who think they have

Some of our religious exchanges tell a stery about a woman's being relieved from speechless grief by a hymn. We have known a number of the sex to be strongly affected and greatly benefited by hims be he looked at them for sympathy; they fore this.

hearts being but little braver than chickens',) but they thought he was no

Few of us are happy enough to be the members of an unbroken family circle. worse off than they were. Sooner or later death enters the health-Half offended, the disconsolate Cock was about to demand from them iest home, and a Christmas or a birtha confession of his wrons, when a lark day festival seldom comes round within a small cage on the wall began his out reminding the living of some song, and went through it as though he "vanished hand" or voice that is still had been mounting on free and vigorforever. Now it is Tiny Tim, whose ous wing to chant the glories of the shrill treble no longer helps to swell the merry noise; or again it is the early morning. The Cock looked up shyly at him, patriarch of the flock, whose venerable presence has ceased to make the chimney-corner look sacred. The "fell sergeant" will not be denied. There may sometimes be an unwonted in-

inevitable moment will arrive when

drawn blinds and closed shutters will

hush falls upon those who remain be-

hind, when the soul of a beloved

friend or relation has departed! Even

the most careless and light-hearted feel

the sacred influence of the hour. Si-

lence reigns in the chamber where the

into a whisper, and, except in rare

cases, we can not bear to part with the

well-known form now vacant of its spir-

it. We love to look again and again at the "old familiar face." We deck

the brow with flowers. We delay till

the latest instant to close the coffin,

for it is only then that we begin really

to feel the bitterness of bereavement.

At length, not in indecorous haste, but

when all has been done that tender-

ness and delicacy can suggest, we car-

ry forth our sad burden to its grave .-

A hurried funeral is singularly revolt-

cold. He still retains in Northern cli-

have been possessed by the same re-

pugnance to speedy sepulture which

marks most Christian nations. Hero-

dotus, indeed, tells us a story of cer-

tain of the Arabians who never buried

their dead at all. They placed the bodies of their deceased friends within

transparent crystal pillars, which they

afterward carried forth to the cemetery

near the city. Thus every man became

Charity and Compassion.

at all charitable. The fact is that char

while compassion is only one of our

animal instincts. Such a thing as com-

passion is observed even in animals,

and therefore the Priest and the Levite

in the parable not only lowered them-

selves beneath the level of humanity,

but even below that of the brutes. A

man who, upon seeing a fellow-crea-

ture fall into the water, jumps after

him without a moment's hesitation,

even at the risk of his own life, does a

very noble thing no doubt, but many a

dog has done the same. And a man

who drops a coin into a poor wretch's

hand, shows that he is not a stick or a

stone, but he may be little more than a

goose for all that, for a great natural-

ist tells us of a goose which, having

fallen in with a quantity of barley that

a miller had spilled on the road, first

filled its own stomach and then walked

up to its starving companions about

half a mile distant, and called them to

the place to share the benefit of its

lucky discovery. Certainly compassion

is an indispensible element in charity,

but it is no more charity itself than

taste is digestion, or hearing under-

standing. Compassion just yields to

a kind word or a gift to alleviate mo-

mentary suffering; and having thus

discharged itself, passes on to leave

the case as it was. Charity, on the

contrary, inquires into the cause of the

suffering, and the future prospects of

the sufferer. It not only wishes to help

him for the present, but to guard him

against a recurrence of the evil, and to

"IT MIGHT BE WORSE!"-"Cock a

dood-Cock-a-I can't crow; it's utterly

odious yellow thick stuff they call fog

me. No; no more crowing for me,

heap of ruffled, dingy feathers, on the top of a ruined fowl house in the dark

back yard of a small house in town.

The hens, who were natives, went on

quietly picking up the broken potato

myself the greatest of sufferers."

restore him to his normal condition:

There are two things which are often

no lying epitaphs.

then huddled himself up, then shook himself, then held up his head, and stood on both legs in a firm and resolute position; for it had passed through his mind thus: "Well, well, there's an terval in his terrible visits; but the end of my complaining; if you, whose happiness, every one knows, lay in mounting up into the sky, and nestling proclaim to our neighbors that there is Death in our house. What a solemn among your family in your beautiful country home, can sing so sweetly in that little prison, shut out from all you love, a lonely captive, I may well put up with my troubles: I see plainly there are worse cases than mine.

And when he had thought all this he dead man lies, and throughout the set up as fine a crow as ever came from his dear farm-yard, and began to make whole house the foot of the mourner falls softly, the voice naturally sinks the best he could of his breakfast.

The Kindness of Mr. Lincoln. With what avidity do we seize upon any little incident which serves to show the great good heart of our martyr President. Every line of his life is treasured sacredly by the line of his life is treasured sacredly by the American people. And well it may be, for it was unblemished—without spot or stain. There is not a word in all that record that needs to be a second to be a needs to be re-written or erased; not an ugly mark or blot made in passion or through carelessness. It is a "plain, unvarnished tale," but clear, straightforward and complete. Another of the many little acts of kindness performed by this great man is thus recorded by a cotemporary:

ing to civilized habits and sensitive dispositions. The Jew puts his dead "In November last, a small, delicate boy patiently waited with the anxious crowd which had gathered in the room of the out of sight almost as soon as they are President. He was noticed by Mr. Lincoln, who said, mate a custom which the heat of the

'Come here, my boy and tell me what East perhaps rendered necessary. Yet even in the East some tribes seem to "The boy, trembling and abashed, step-ped forward and placed his hand on the arm of the chair in which the President was

seated, and said,
"Mr. President, I have been a drummer in a regiment for two years, and Colonel got angra with me and turned me off; I was taken sick and have been a long time in the hospital. This is the first day I have I came to see if you cannot do something for me.'
"The President looked kindly and ten-

derly at him, and asked him where he lived. He replied that he had no home. "Where is your father?" said the Preshis own tomb-stone. Among this people, at any rate, there can have been dent. "He died in the army,' answered the

boy. Where is your mother?" "My mother is dead also. I have no father, no mother, no brothers, no sisters," confounded-charity and compassion. It is not possible to be charitable no friends. Nobody cares for me."
"The scene was very affecting. Mr. Lina man is compassionate without being

coln's eyes filled with tears, and he said to ity is a principle of the human mind, 'Can't you sell newspapers?" "'No,' said the boy, 'I am too weak, and the surgeon of the hospital told me I must leave; and I have no money, and no friends,

and no place to go to.'

"The scene was indescribably tender and affecting, and the President drew from his drawer a card. en which he wrote his wishes, that the officers should care (in his own affectionate language) 'for this poor boy.'
"When the ca'd was handed to the drummer bey a smile lit up his face all wet with tears, and he returned, fully convinced that he had at least one good and true triend in Abraham Lincoln."

Amateur Music. If you are asked to sing or play, either do it at once, without requiring to be press-ed, or den't do it at all. Be very cautious about doing it. First, be sure that you can do it. It is painful to see a young gentle-man looking up to the ceiling for the remainder of the words of the song, or feel-ing for them in his hair, and not finding them; it is provoking to hear a planist nemory or execution. Secondly, be sure of your style, especially in accustomed cirset, may be thought very common-place in another. What is relished in London, may not suit in Paris. What is applauded in Berlin, may be coldly listened to by Italian the impression of the moment, drops

> in the good or bad sense of the word—talk-ing is not polite; humming the air is a nuis-ance to others; beating time is absurd. because you will mostly beat it wrong; and exaggerated applause and admiration ridiculous. The last demonstration has been

What a good Newspaper may

thrown out to them, and took no notice. "Just look at my tail," he cried to one, as he glanced round at his finely. Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful.— No one who has been without these silent private twiers can know their educating power for good and evil. Have your-ever thought of the innumerable topics of discussion with which, thus early, our children become familiarly sequainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which unconsciously their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is invoked by these quiet visitors. Anything that maker home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thiss the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be segarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young as a great meral and social light!— Show us an intelligent family of boys and arched feathers that had a week before "don't you see how dirty and shabby it is? And my wattles and my comb they were as red as crimsom but my wattles, I can see, are getting yellow, and no doubt my comb is too. What used when that comes as a gift which should have been theirs by ownership. finest farm-yards, where I was the admiration of so many hens, and where my voice might be heard the whole length of the village! I call this the climax of oppression and wrong, and The hens still pecked away, though

Review of a Presbyterian. EDITOR CHRONICLE: In the CHRONICLE tion for preachers new to preach against poligamy it would be fairly interpreted by the Democratic party as political preaching, and therefore, preachers should let that

is free, and open for free discussion, we presume we may ask to share a little in the free discussions of these free times in this now our free country. And while we speak freely in a Review of a" Preslyterian." we do not wish to be understood as defending the Gazette in every thing, or yet its cause, or yet to censure the Presbyterian Church to which the Gazette has so freely paid its

compliments for some time past.

We admit in the outset it was a misrepresentation of that political sheet to charge upon the Presbyterian Church, or Presbyterians either, "secret League," or "perse cution" of Catholics. The Editor himself should have known when he was spreading out before the world these charges be was greatly wronging the Church. But then, there may be some apology. If Protestants speak out against Catholics, and expose defends Catholics; and therefore, for protheir iesuitism, and show that they always testant Churches, and Christians, and rehave been, in every country, and are now, dangerous to liberty both civil and religious, such exposure will injure the Democratic such exposure will injure the Democratic tionable character; at all events, it is a party. Against this danger the Gazette. as meddling at which faithful political Editors a faithful political guardian, felt bound to and organs of a political party cannot keep make timely effort to guard. And who can blame him? If Churches will say or do any thing tending to injure political parties, and so meddle with politics-if they meddle with any thing directly or indirectly which tends to prejudice the minds of citizens against any political dogma or party, or any policy of the State, then politicians, of course, will feel disposed to retort. If Cath-

olicism is dangerous to civil liberty, let poli-ticians attend to that part of it. If danger-

ticians attend to that part of it.

ous to religious liberty, let the Churches attend to that, and not mic things.

Whether Presbyterians have any right to say any thing against Catholics or the Catholic religion we shall not say here. Nor whether it is any of their business to med die with the Catholics, especially now, when they are so generally identified in interest and feeling with the cause of a large and strong political party in this country. It is well known that Catholics in the North conerally sympathized with the cause of the Confederacy. It is well known that the Catholics of the South almost universally made common cause with the Confederacy. They are staunch friends of slavery, and hate They are stauged friends of slavery and nate the negro and dread negro equality. The tide of emigration to this country is largely Catholic. And this emigration is the right arm of the strength of the Democratic party. To oppose Catholics then, is to oppose the interests and the success of a political catholic and the success of it. party, and therefore, on the very face of it, a just cause of opposition by that party ac-cording to the rules of political tactics. The Democratic party has the right to defend political right. Every political party aims to secure all the votes possible. This is its business, and this is its right. And what

political party would not buy a vote for a to this anti-Catholic. and anti Democratic dram, if it could be had at socheap a price, policy. This, a "Presbyterian" should even now when a dram does cost something? And what raw Catholic don't love a dram? Since politics and morality and religion have nothing to do with each other, then each should let the other alone. Politically no citizen should be called in question for his religion or morals. And while it is in bad taste for Presbyterians to interfere with political affairs, so politicians should let the Church, and religion and morally alone.—

Church, and religion and morally alone.—

What havinges has a political Filippe in the poli his religion or morals. And while it is in What business has a political Editor, in a party political paper, to comment upon the doings of the Churches? For so sure as the politicians will meddle with Church affairs, so will the Church defend berself, and in the end injure political parties; especially, among the religious and moral part of themselves identified with the cause

ligion, of the Church and morality. These bings must be kept separate. Again, political newspapers have no business to meddle with Church news and Church newspapers; so religious newspapers, and religious writers-like "Presby-terian"-have no business to meddle with terian"—have no business to meddle with political newspapers. This whole business of mixing up political affairs with religion and morality is threatening to bring trouble upon our country new settling down into a lasting peace. If political newspapers will let every thing but politics alone; and then the Church, and all religious men, and all religious newsprpers will let every thing political alone, and no more meddle with war or peace, or any other kind of politics

we may have peace and harmony. What business has any Church, or preacher, or any professor of religion to decide whether the war was right or wrong? Whether the "Confederates" or the "Federals" were right or wrong? Whether it carried in Paris to a degree which it would be difficult to surpass. A certain planist had ladies in his pay, at the rate of seventyfive francs per concert, whose duty it was to die with the question of loyalty, of patriot faint with delight at his inimitable performing. One evening, however, a lady paid war, or the Lincoln Administration, or any ance. One evening, however, a lady paid to faint, described her post by falling asleep. Reckoning on the fainting of this female to interrupt the finale of a concerto, the pianist started his allegro at a speed impossible for human fingers to continue. But no fainting came to his relief. What could he do in that calamity? He did what the lady ought to have done, and fainted himself; people crowded round him; they carried him out of the room. The fainteress, waking, really fainting through vexation at having forgot to faint.

was nothing to do with any of these things — We don't learn trom the gospel, or from the Church, or from religion, or from the Church, or from reli

which the eld man when a boy had reaped wheat. The timber was mostly pine, some oak. I believe pine will grow as fast here as that.

Since all elaveholders are Democrats, or politically opposed to "abolitionism," to meddle with slavery—it being a political question—is to meddle with politics; and every preacher with preaches about slavery, for or against, is preathing politics—and that is none of his business. If any preacher must have something to say about slavery let him write his sermon and give it to a political Editor, and he can publish it as a political Campaigner against "political abolitionism." That is the only way we know hew a preacher may exercise his political rights as a man and a citizen.

Mormans are Democrats, or political abolitionism. That is the only way we know hew a preacher may exercise his political rights as a man and a citizen.

Mormans are Democrats, or political rights as a man and a citizen.

Mormans are Democrats, or political rights as a man and a citizen.

Mormans are Democrats and to meddle with Mormans are Democrats and to meddle with Mormans are not interfere with politics, and the Oburch and preachers have not business here. This might operate projudicial to Utah being received into Union; the

Views of an Observer.

A Pennsylvania Democrat, who has been' spending six weeks at the South, writes from Alabama to the Public Ledger (Philadelphia) as follows:

MOBILE. ALA., June 21, 1865.

I have come down to this part of the country with the intention of casting my lot with it for the future, and feel impelled to send you a line to tell of my impressions of the people. I have been, for some six weeks, in daily contact with Southern people of all political shades, and, though I am a poor taker. I am a good listener, and not a very Democratic party, and therefore neither Church, nor preachers, nor religious news-papers should say any thing against the schemes for a future Confederacy, or another rebellion, or another war—these are all political matters to be managed by politicians. They all belong to the "science of political economy." When a people want to declare independence and go to war for it, that is their political business; neither repolitical shades, and, though I am a poor taker. I am a good listener, and not a very bad hand at forming conclusions from a great deal of hearing. I came to the Gulf States full of very fine theories, about the necessities of educating the negro before we could extend to him the privilege of suffrage. He was ignorant; he was bigoted; he was prejudiced; he could not be trusted with the privileges of a voter until he had attained a certain standard of education. Well, Sir. I was never further ligion nor morality has any thing to do with rope are generally Democrats, and will join the Democratic party here—for most of them can't read, but they can learn that cation. Well, Sir. I was never further Democratic party opposes "abolition-"hates the negro and "negro equality." away from the truth in my life. I have listened by the heur to the familiar, social. and now, since there are no "know noth unrestrained talk of Southern people; and I have been sorry to conclude from all that I have heard, that the dampable hereay of the State-Rights Doutrine, upon which. igious Editors to oppose Catholicism is to with imagined evils threatened to the in-stitution of slavery, they based their acts of of Secession and Rebellion, is as deeply rooted in their convictions as it ever was.— They have failed to establish the success of injure the Democratic party-all is a med-ding with politics of, at least, very questheir principles at the bayenet's point and and organs of a political party cannot keep silent, and be true to their cause.

The Bible Society, the Tract Societies and other Aid Societies—now dreadfully "abolitionized"—by sending their Bibles, their tracts, their books, their preachers, their teachers, their schools South, are operating against the interests of Southern fasting and the interests of Southern the eannou's mouth, but these principles lie as near to the hearts of the great mass of them as ever, and true loyalty to the Government, as constituting a principle with the mass of the people at the North, is the mass of the people at the North, is entirely foreign to the breasts of the masses in the South. The same hestility that was openly displayed in arms exists secretly in the breasts of the Southern people, and is ready at any time to exert itself, no longer in overt acts, but in every possible pacific way to the wart the unity and progress of the Republic. On the other hand, the people Institutions, and the interests of a political party both North and South—and a party that never was sectional—and why should a "Presbyterian," or any body else think so strange, or hard that a faithful Democratic Editor should, from his watch-tower, warn Republic. On the other hand, the negro has but one principle and one affection. His principle is devotion to the Union; his affection heart-hole for the cause that has restored him to manhood. No doubts of against all these things so antagonistic to his party, and all so directly and deeply dabbling in politics?

Let all these Societies, and Churches, and preachers, and teachers cease their work in the South, mind their own business, let the

the justice of the cause cross his mind. No clouds of casuists' raising obscure his vision. His instincts alone point out to him the path he is to tread as a free man, and point it South and Catholics alone to mind undis-Democratic party and its Editors will let Democratic party and its Editors will let all those Churches and all their operations alone. What business have the Bible Society, Tract Societies, the Presbyterian trice? I trow not. He may not know so thurch, or any other Church or Society to be considered by the ballot of a treeman and sophistic contents. It is a stray with arts and sophistic contents and sophistic contents are all the ballot of a treeman and sophistic contents and sophistic contents and sophistic contents and sophistic contents and all their operations are some contents and all their operations are some contents and all their operations and all their operations are some contents and all their operations and the ballot of a tree man and th turbed their own concerns; and then, the Democratic party and its Editors will let in what pertains to the advancement of all members of the human family, himself inmay they go to Rome with their political Bibles-disturbing the political Society there-and to India and China with a procluded. And if you could see, as I have seen, the colored people of these Southern cities sitting at their door steps in the moontestant and sectatian gospelidisturbing their testant and sectatian gospelidisturbing their social and political relations there.

What business has the Bible Society to send its Bibles to the Slaves? For then it fellows that they must encourage teachers to learn them to read the Bible, and then the slaves must have preachers to preach to the slaves must have preachers to preache the slaves must have preachers to preach to the slaves must have preachers to preach to the slaves must have preachers to preache the slaves must have preached the slaves must have must Democratic party has the right to defend itself and its interest as a party. And if Presbyterians oppose Catholics, the Demo right to respect; and therefore, all this be- South is in the extension of free suffrage to the people of all colors, and I mean to throw myself into the advocaey of this cause with all my energy. Far better is the ties, the Gazette opposes the whole affair, and, so too. opposes the Presbyterian Church

> leads to the right, or to the educated so-phistry that inculcates what is false and We are by ne means ready for a reconstruction under the domination of defeated but unconvinced traitors. We have had a terrible war; let us not cast away its fruits Let us have military government in the Southern States until the sentiment of true even Platforms and Resolutions of State loyalty begins to be felt; or, if we must have civil governments reconstructed, let those who have every cause to love the Being, to a Higher Law, or some sectarian Union not be not aside while its interests are confided to the hands of those who have

instinct that teaches loyalty to the Union

than the false education that makes State

Rights traitors. Shall we trust the future

of our country to the instinct that inevitably

TAMING FISH .- A little girl residing near a pond in Massachusetts has succeeded in taming some of the fish by throwing crumbs of bread, crackers, &c., into the water.—
The species called perch seem to be the most tractable and docile. One of them that he has again and again foisted into his State papers, Messages, &c., large quotations from the Protestant Bible, as if it had some authority in political affairs, and as if it could spice off a political or State Document. All lesser political analysis and as if the surface. The little girl will appear to the surface. ment. All lesser political puppets, in imi-tation of a political leader, now begin to water, and before she reaches the end of the plank the fish may be seen darting rapidly toward their feeding ground. The large ones, especially, are disposed to drive among them by means of a stick with a sewing-needle attached to the end of it, and and is off at once. - Country Gentleman.

DOUBTPUL -"Is that good ice cream, see them grow, let him read the following Uncle?" was the query put to a perpatetic item which we find in The Country Gentle- vender of the aforesaid article a day or two min, and take courage. He may live to since. 'Oh. yes. Massa, dis Union ice cream.' Dis Union ice cream.' Dis Union ice cream.' Dis Union ice cream.' Oh, so, sir, I ain't no Rebel. Dis Union ice cream.' Oh, so, sir, I ain't no Rebel. Dis Union ice cream.' ter change the appellation of his wares. -

> CANNING PEACHES -At a meeting of the Alten (III) Herricultural Society, a lady presented some canned peaches with the following directions for putting them up: Make a thin syrup of light or white up: Make a thin syrup of light or white sugar, put the peaches either whole or cut, into a porcelain kettle and cover with syrup. When they come to the boiling point, fill the cans and set them on the stove for a few moments, as the cold cans reduce the temperature. Just before sealing set off the cans and put in a teaspoon; this aids the escape of air. Seat up immediately and keep in a cool place.